

FALLS VICTIM TO AMBITION

Arthur Murphy Passes
Away, on the Threshold
of Success.

On Saturday night last at 11:30 o'clock the soul of Arthur Murphy took its flight from its tenement of clay, to the realm of its Maker.

For several years he has aspired to the practice of law, studying in the office of Attorney E. D. Ricketts. For the past year he has been Justice of the Peace, between which office and his newspaper work on the Hocking Republican, he has maintained himself and mother.

The summit of his ambition was about reached. He went to Columbus to take the examination, and dug through the first day, last Tuesday, with marked aptness. In the evening he was taken with a severe headache, and retired to his rooms. His landlady



heard him vomiting during the night, she went to his room. He said he was quite sick, but got quiet and seemed better.

In the morning Mrs. Meeum, his landlady, went to his room again, and to her horror found him lying on the floor unconscious; he had fallen from the bed. In her effort to lift him, he regained consciousness, and asked for a doctor and his father. When the good lady returned from the telephone he was again unconscious, and never regained during his last days. He died Saturday night.

His father and family were with him from the first day, and with Drs. Barnhill and Harper, of Columbus, and Dr. Cherrington, of Logan, in consultation, and Mr. Meeum, and Mrs. L. C. Murphy as nurses, all fought an unceasing fight to save the boy's life, but to no avail. On Friday at noon the male quartette of which Arthur was a member, went to his bedside and stayed until Saturday afternoon. They were J. D. Sanderson, S. C. Bright, and J. B. Dollison. Also Constable Joe Collins was a faithful worker at the bedside.

We feel safe in saying that all was done for Arthur that human hands could do to save his life. His remains were brought here Sunday night, and funeral service took place at the M. E. Church where he for so many years had sung in the choir, and on the last Sunday night before leaving for Columbus, with the male quartette he sang in the church. The last piece in which his excellent voice was heard, was, "Dear Little Stranger." At the funeral the remaining three of the male quartette sang, "Homeland," Miss Robbin Rochester sang, "There Is a Land," Mrs. Blasius sang, "Face to Face," the latter being off sung by the deceased at funerals in Logan. The church was crowded with friends, and the pulpit where he had been for years a faithful singer at every service, was a profusion of beautiful flowers in his memory. The pall-bearers were his most intimate friends: Bill Sanderson, Carlton Bright, Bruce Dollison, Fred Sherrard, Earnest

McCormick and Meade Bowen.

The personal loss to the editor of this paper, in the death of Arthur Murphy we cannot express. We are stricken silent, and can but think—think of the pleasant times with him. He was our friend. We were with him almost every evening. Sang with him every Sunday night at the church. Loved him as a brother. He was often in our home; always jolly, always the same old witty, wise and wordy "Murph." Full of "Shakespeare," full of "Mark Twain," full of "Bill Nye," full of good humor, and always keeping a houseful in a roar with his droll recitations. A good "old scout" that we loved to be with. Arthur Murphy, further, was a good man, a Christian man. He was one of the brightest young men that it has ever been our joy to know. A thorough student, an able talker on any subject proposed. He loved the beautiful. Loved music, paintings, rare books and went in raptures over a pretty rose, or a rare flower. His passing away is a great shock to us, and to the community.

[Memorial and Eulogy Delivered by Rev. White on the funeral occasion.]

Arthur G. Murphy was born at Pleasanton, Athens County Ohio, April 29, 1880, and died in his room in Columbus, Dec. 7, 1907, at the age of 27 years 7 months and 8 days.

His childhood was spent in Athens County and Meigs Co. In the town of Athens he advanced rapidly in the studies of the public school. A year spent in school at Vienna, near Cincinnati brought good results to his mind.

Eleven years ago last April he came with the family to Logan. He entered the High school and graduated with great honor. It is no disparagement to the other splendid students of our school to say that in some particulars Arthur was the brightest student that ever passed through our halls of learning. He enjoyed the rare distinction of being selected by the school Board to deliver the diplomas to his own class.

With bright prospects he entered the Law School at Cleveland, but soon his failing eyes compelled him to change his plans. We know now how much of untold pain he suffered from his afflicted eyes.

For a time he clerked in a book store in Columbus and then returned to Logan.

He soon began to do editorial work for our city papers and finally under great difficulties took up again the study of law.

By the good will of the people he was elected Justice of the Peace and almost reached the nomination for Mayor. By great diligence he was ready to take the examination to be admitted as a member of the Bar of Ohio. Almost he had reached the goal, almost the prize was within his grasping hand when his strength gave way and he lay down to rest.

We are here today because we believe this Bible, we believe in the two worlds mentioned in our text, and we believe that our brother deserves a most honorable, Christian burial. The word heaven sounds sweet to us.

How much higher and broader God's plans are than ours. Our own plans are dear to us—early preparation for laudable occupation, a competence for all wants. Conscience to be quiet within. No voice raised against our conduct; friends spared to cheer us; peaceful old age with every comfort to bless us. How different is God's plans, and how infinitely more wise.

What do we call success? To be greatest in some chosen line. Greatest in wealth, in position or in honor. Jesus said "He that would be greatest among you let him be servant of all."

A beautiful life, full of promise, on the threshold of victory, suddenly ceased to be. Do we call this a failure? If so the life of Jesus himself would be a failure—no College education, no property, not even where to lay his head, no reputation, few believed on him; yet the Father said "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." "My ways are not your ways."

Success that is great must be from God's view. The artist does

not ask us to come near the picture until it is finished. In the twilight as we are we cannot see. Wait until the Great Master turns on the light. "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter."

The vicarious element in life, the suffering the one for the other, the innocent for the guilty is God's plan so much higher than ours.

Joseph, innocent and lovely young man, sold into Egypt, suffering untold misunderstanding and injustice, all to prepare the way for the coming of the family into the land of peace and plenty.

God's best endeavors and greatest sacrifices do not always reach the desired results.

"Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

Brother Arthur in many ways was a lone star. He was a comit, of great magnitude, sweeping rapidly on to the greater altitudes of service in the Father's realm. He loved the rare and the beautiful. Four years ago he indulged a hope that the way might open for him to go to a city and start a book store for the purpose of collecting rare and beautiful gems of literature and the best paintings of the masters. This really was his ideal occupation at that time. I soon discovered that he regarded it waste of time to have to do things to make money. Not that he wanted to spend his time in idleness, but there were so many beautiful pursuits calling for his rare gifts.

He thoroughly loved music. This gave much quiet enjoyment. It gave him an opportunity to cultivate his poetic taste and constantly kept him in associations that were stimulating and helpful. In connection with his music we get an insight into his kindly, generous nature. Only a few months ago he told me that for ten years he had been singing at funerals, sometimes spending a day or a half day. He added I have occasionally received a note of thanks and once an envelope containing two dollars.

This empty chair emphasizes not only my personal loss of pleasant fellowship and companionship, but also the gratuitous service he has rendered to this church in the choir. He was always pleasant and most accommodating. It almost smites my conscience to remember how many times at my request he has left other important duties to sing for ungrateful people; but the grateful ones are many. I must not prolong my message. I have known many young men, truthfully I can say, that considering all the circumstances I have never known a young man to do so well. On July 23, 1899, he became a member of this church. Later he became a member of the Epworth League.

A friend said to me a few days ago, "I have never seen a fault in him." Arthur would not have me say that. He and I understood each other.

As a Christian he did not profess to be faultless. He did love God and was pressing forward for the prize. His thoroughly marked Bible testifies to his appreciation of the Christian religion and to his faith in Jesus Christ. "He that believeth in the son of God hath everlasting life." The Christ who made suns, moons and stars, said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Everyone will have place, but not a prepared place. "They that honor me I will honor." The prepared place will depend upon the resources and the interest of Him who prepares it. When we think of the "unspeakable riches" of Christ and of his everlasting love we know what the place will be. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "Come Ye, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you."

In harmony with the card on the flowers from the remaining members of the male quartette we express the wish that his voice may join sweetly in the celestial choir to be heard through the fadless eternity.

We shall miss him, we will still love him.

[Saturday's Columbus Journal.]

Arthur G. Murphy of Logan, aged 27, who has been a magistrate at Logan for more than a year, and in the recent campaign was defeated in the Republican

For Your Christmas Buying

You'll find more good things here to give as Christmas presents for a man or boy than you'll see any place else. Things that will give pleasure and that will be sensible at the same time. In every department we are showing countless articles, suitable for gifts. Our selection of fancy goods are especially appropriate for this purpose, comprising many distinctive novelties.

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Should have a Xmas Gift to keep him warm at these prices. Special sale on little fellows Overcoats.

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Boys Chinchilla Russian coat for boys 3 to 8, brown blue and black, only a few left, **\$5.00 and \$6.00 coats, now**

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\$5.00 and \$6.00

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Nothing makes a nicer Xmas present than a nice Muffler. Our line of Mens Reefer Mufflers is the largest we have ever shown. Plaids, Check and Plain Colors, in new and novel weaves.

50c. to \$2.00.

Heavy padded Oxford Mufflers, plain and fancy.

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Mens Suspenders, with Fancy Buckles, all colors,

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Mens Lisle and Silk Welt Suspenders, with fancy buckles, each pair put up in a nice Xmas box,

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Combination Set—Suspenders, arm band and hose supporter—all in one beautiful Xmas box,

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Mens and Boys Plain and Fancy Cotton Sweaters

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Golf, Wool and Jersey Gloves, for Men and Boys, Plain and Fancy Colors,

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Mens Heavy Fleece Lined Kids and Undressed Gloves for driving,

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Mens Neckwear—always a splendid article to give for Xmas—many patterns, four-in-hands, ties and bows,

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Mens All Silk Four-in-hands, latest creations for the holiday season, all colors and shapes,

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A large line of fine, all wool Smoking Jackets for men. Many styles in Fancy, Plain and Check; also plain color

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primary for mayor by only one vote, lies at the point of death in his room at 324 1/2 East Long street, undoubtedly as the result of overwork in preparation for his law examination. He was stricken with apoplexy Tuesday evening, has a blood clot on his brain, and is not expected to live. He has been unconscious since Wednesday morning. His father, mother and sisters are with him, and yesterday his physician, Dr. Cherrington of Logan; Mayor Bruce Dollison and a number of his friends came, to be with him and minister to his needs.

Mr. Murphy came from Logan first of last week to do his final studying here, preparatory to the law examination. His friends say he studied all day and far into the night, every day and night. Evidently he worked too hard, for Wednesday morning he was found unconscious in his room. Dr. Edward A. Harper was called and found he had apoplexy. A blood clot developed on the brain and made a fatal termination of his ailment practically certain. Members of his family were called from Logan and his own physician came with them.

Yesterday Dr. J. U. Barnhill was called in consultation, but the latest reports from the sick room were that there was no hope for the patient.

Mr. Murphy had taken one day's work in the examination, Tuesday. When he was taken ill, his father, L. C. Murphy, was sent for and arrived Wednesday morning. The elder Murphy had lived in Salt Lake City for eight years and when he went to Logan on a visit a month ago, had not seen his son during all this time. The young man's mother and his

sisters arrived Thursday.

"I saw that my son was studying too hard at Logan," said the father last night. "He was looking pale and weak and had a bad cold. We sent him to Columbus two weeks ago to rest. We thought that if he was parted from his books at home, he would not overdo himself. But instead, he continued to study as hard as ever up here."

The young man had lived in Logan 10 or 12 years. He was born in Athens county.

To members of the Columbus Collectors' club and philatelists generally the news of Mr. Murphy's serious illness will be a great shock. To the more serious pursuits of life Mr. Murphy added a broad knowledge and nice discrimination in stamp collecting. He has been a collector several years, has a fine stamp collection, is a member of the American Philatelic association and has been a regular attendant at the meetings in the Spahr building of the local collectors' organization, with whose members he is very popular.

[Sunday's Columbus Journal.]

As a result of overstudy in preparing for his bar examination, Arthur G. Murphy, aged 27, of Logan, died at 11:27 o'clock last night in his apartments at 324 1/2 East Long street. His death was preceded by terrible spasms. The young man, who had been a magistrate at Logan for more than a year, and who was defeated for the Republican nomination for mayor of Logan by only one vote at the primaries last fall, had been unconscious since Wednesday morning.

His father, L. C. Murphy, of Salt Lake City, Utah, and his three sisters, Mrs. Maud Wright,

Mrs. Charles Wright, Jr., and Miss Fay Murphy, all of Logan, were at his bedside. The cause of death was vascular meningitis of the brain.

Mr. Murphy came to Columbus two weeks ago at the suggestion of his father, who thought he was studying too hard at home, and that he would rest after reaching this city. He did not take the advice of those solicitations for his health, however, and applied himself to his studies here just as hard as at Logan.

Tuesday he took the first day's examination and that evening he was stricken with illness. A blood clot formed on his brain and his case was diagnosed as apoplexy, but later it was determined to be vascular meningitis of the brain.

During his illness Mayor Bruce Dollison, of Logan, and several other friends came to Columbus to visit him. Dr. Cherrington, of Logan, his family physician, also came to Columbus to do all that was possible in an effort to save his life.

The body will be taken to Logan tonight and the funeral will be held from the M. E. church in Logan, probably Tuesday.

Members of the Columbus Collectors' club, of which Mr. Murphy was a member, have been called to meet at 3 o'clock this afternoon in the Ohio State Journal editorial rooms, to take action looking to an expression of sorrow and the sending of a floral tribute by the local philatelists.

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